# game of the arseholes

#6 FREE

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Copies of this issue are available through the mail for $1(US) $3 (int'l).

All hypocrisy, blowhard egomania, Discharge worship, lame layouts, and bad jokes, contained herein is courtesy of Stuart Schrader.

Copies of #5 are still available for $2ppd.

#2 and #3 are still available for a stamp each.

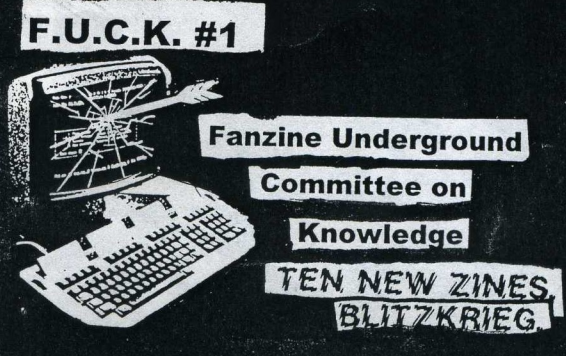
Playlist:
Young Wasteners "We Got Ways" 12"
Framtid "Under the Ashes" 12"
Disclose "Apocalypse of Death" 12"
Defector "Total Noize Violence" 7"
Shotgun Solution "Shotgun" 7"
Nailbiter side of split 7" w/ Viimeinen Kolonna
Haskels "Taking the City by Storm" 7"
Zouo "The Final Agony" 7"
Tragedy "Vengeance" LP
Selfish "Burning Sensation" LP
Kängnäve zine
lots of '70s UK punk

Here's a quick lesson on how to make a zine: Do not print out something you found on the 'Net and put it in your zine (unless it's a photo of Anti-Cimex). When laying out your zine, do dress like these ugly fuckers. Here's an even quicker lesson on how to make a band: do sound like these ugly fuckers.

—Leader of the Fuckin' Arseholes

One hundred copies of GOTA #6 are part of a packet of ten zines called F.U.C.K. #1. Dave Hyde and I came up with this idea after he and Stefan (who does Panic Attack zine) decided to release new issues of their zines on the same day as they had coincidentally done previously. F.U.C.K., or the Fanzine Underground Committee on Knowledge, is an ad hoc organization with no set membership. Dave and I had noticed that most of our friends write zines, so we figured it would be cool to compile all the zines together. Some of the zines have quite small circulations, so it would help the smaller zines to put them with slightly more well-known zines like this one or my friend Jill's Trash Faction. The premise is that everyone can do a zine and everyone's zine is worthwhile. All the zines involved are punk zines because they're all done by punks; not all are music zines. We have no interest in poetry or personal zines. We are punks and FUCK is for the punks. We hope to expand FUCK, so that zines from other countries will be included in FUCK #2. Now start your own committee!!

Thanks: Dave Hyde, Rob Distort, Joey Spermbag, Christy, Jill, Bruce, JJ Puke-Penis, Johnny Underage Fucknsucker, Simon, Felix, Luc, Otto, Madonna, Timmy, Chris, Frank, Fofão, Grimey, Jay & Tif, all the FUCK punx and skins, Cal, Shin, Kawakami, Jacky, Jhonio, Habi, Naoki, Minami, Jorge, Erica, Hirotsuna, Akira, and other Japanese punk friends.



## Introduction to the Arse

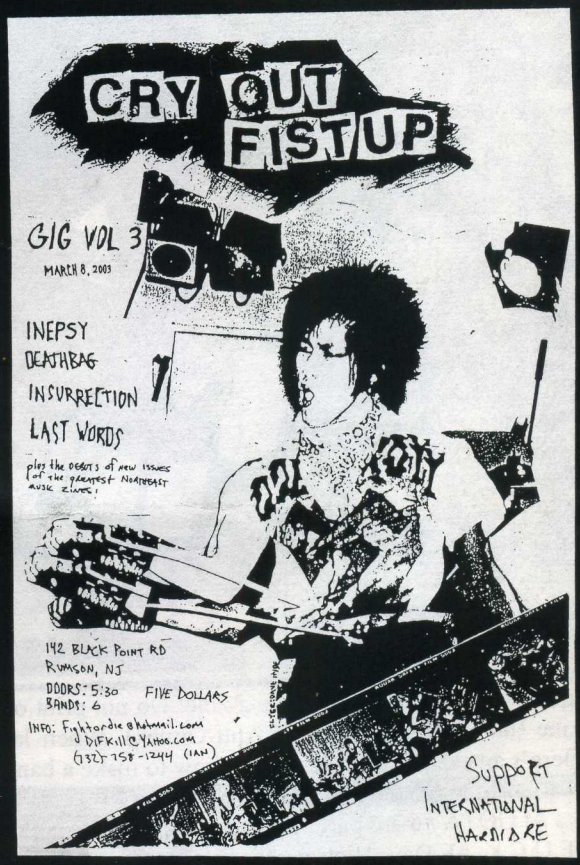
On one hand, shit is getting grim. Venues are closing down; kids want to start "d-beat" bands but they don't listen to Discharge, dozens of band are pressing thousands of copies of boring, unremarkable hardcore records, which, through their lack of appeal, could suffocate the hardcore record distribution market; low-quality bootlegs keep coming out; From Ashes Rise signed to Jade Tree; bands that don't even have records out are planning and undertaking international tours; so-called punks continue to support racist, sexist, homophobic black metal; old punks write columns in zines about how hardcore has failed them. Argh....

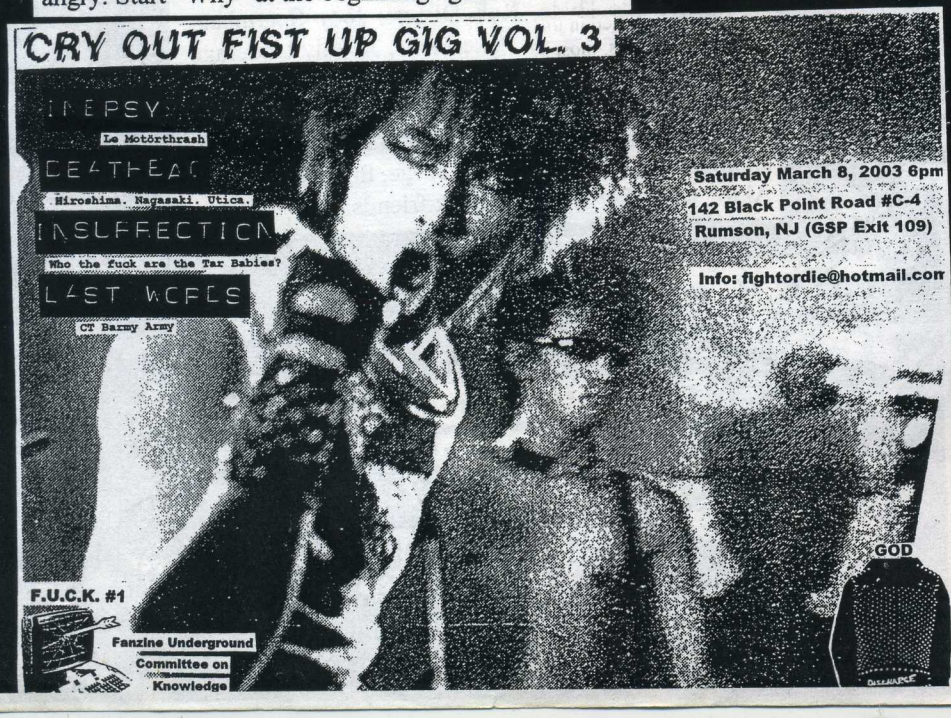
But on the other hand, the hardcore scene gets better every year. As pessimistic as one might be, I genuinely believe that punks would be better served by reserving their pessimism for the outside world. In a discussion about punk zines that some friends and I did, which will soon appear in MRR, the youngest among us, Stefan, was the one who had the most succinct and keen description of what a punk zine should do. When I was seventeen, I barely comprehended punk despite having strong opinions about it. Today, to know there is even one kid seven years younger than I who *gets it* so clearly—well, that gives me a lot of fucking hope. In the face of threats to the scene, the true punks have always dug in and prepared for battle. There has always been a line in the sand on every issue that confronts the punk scene, and now it's even more important to choose which side one is on, and to stand up and fucking fight.

So throw "Why" on the turntable. Screen your own shirts. Write a zine that reflects your unique position in the punk scene. Go to gigs and stand up front, cry out, fist up. Support DIY bands only. Flip "Why" over. Welcome young kids into the scene. If you have a band, don't rush to put out a record: start with a demo or three. Write to other punks. Wear a bullet belt. Listen closely to music. Trade tapes. Don't let the things that piss you off slip by without comment. Stay angry. Start "Why" at the beginning again.

## Crust War Records News!!

I will begin all the overseas distribution of Crust War Records in May. The past year's Crust War releases were some of the finest hardcore punk records to have come out, so I'm really pleased to help improve the availability of Crust War titles in the future. The prices should be reasonable, and you should be able to find the records in many distros around the world. If you have a distro, please get in touch about wholesale rates (no trades right now).
E-mail: crustwaroverseas@earthlink.net



## Thoughts on Tragedy, Selfish, and Sex

This is how local shows work: my friends and I stand at the back and make fun of each other (Dave, nice corduroys and Koro shirt) (Stuart, did you get that Gloom shirt at H&M like the rest of your clothes?), make fun of the poseurs (Yo, I bet that kid loves the State of Fear false d-beat), talk about the fashion choices of different punks in the crowd (That kid definitely does not know how to wear a punk belt), gossip (So then he said, hey baby, wanna see my "Raped Ass" promo sleeve?), brag about our latest rare vinyl finds (Dude, I just got a Psycho Sin 7") (Sucks for you), make plans to re-educate the poseurs (Dude, that kid said 9 Shocks sucks so I stabbed him), and then if a band that we're into plays, we go up front, rock out, and then return to the back to pretend we're funny some more. It's a pretty good arrangement. Sometimes, we'll even be nice enough to give advice on fashion to young punk kids. I think we're well liked by all. Why wouldn't we be?

When Tragedy and Selfish played at ABC No Rio, it was no different. A packed house, full of bad fashion decisions and cool punk rockers (not to mention Otto Itkonen) plus margaritas to-go made for a hilarious afternoon. But, as I had suspected, this show turned out to be different from the usual banal affair.

Richard Meltzer quotes one of the original Cleveland punks, Peter Laughner: "Live, in person, where your eyes and your groin and your undercover Sigmund Freud connections to the realistics of rock 'n' roll can all be engaged at once." Meltzer was skeptical. He noted that most live shows were boring as fuck, but he also noted that in L.A. during the early days of punk, he came close to this experience every day. He said he, "got fed, clothed and blowjobbed by the action at rock clubs." Laughner, as a Cleveland native, surely had the experience he described many times (although he died in '77), but the rest of us, are probably more like Meltzer: it's happened occasionally, but most of the time, we go to shows to make wisecracks and flip through the distro boxes, never expecting the music to sate elemental needs, much less proffer ecstasy (itself the most elemental of needs?).

Bands like Limp Wrist and R.A.M.B.O. encourage the self-inquisitive among us to shed our inhibitions, and in doing so, our clothes. For some, this is liberatory; it's really fun to run around the pit shirtless. But the music itself, without the instructional banter, would otherwise leave others of us cold. Tragedy, on the other hand, play intrinsically liberatory music. Like the Stooges—a band they probably aren't usually compared to—they don't need to tell you that your dick is supposed to be hard because your dick knows when it hears the rock[1]. It's in the rhythms, in the tunes, in the rise and fall, the syncopations, the split-second stops that make you want to scream out "Don't stop, you motherfuckers!" And this ain't no hippie shit. Since when did those smelly shitheads have a stranglehold on rubbing hot bodies together to loud music? The only thing tragic about this romance is its end.

From the *dun-duh* lick at the start of "Conflicting Ideas" (I'm pretty unconflicted about *this* idea), to the bass penetration after the drum-n-guitar intro all the way to the bite-my-lip-as-my-eyes-roll-back-in-my-head solo in "The Day After," a Discharge-via-Anti-Cimex riff-mimic job, their set is nothing if not licentious. I have a theory that you can tell a lot about what a person will do in bed when you watch him or her rock out. Sex and rocknroll are parallel routes to a singular internal place. I don't want to put these shy Southern boys on the spot any more than necessary, so I'll let the reader test this theory at home (or with Tony Erba).

Tragedy, unlike The Stooges, have something to say. Their set was preceded by Selfish's. A couple days and nights spent with these mad Finns answered my question, "What do Selfish's lyrics mean?" Answer = good question. I'm not particularly talented at remembering punk lyrics. If their meaning is clear, they have to engage me for me to remember them; if their meaning is more obscure, I'll probably remember them well (e.g., 9 Shocks Terror, Disclose, Hitler SS, etc.). I was quite impressed by one young punker who stood in front of me, nearly up Janne's nose, and who seemed to know every single word. Perhaps this strapping colt grasped their meaning too. For me, it was sufficient to bark out loud mouth, get stoic, and figure out how to survive in the MAXIMUM SPEED.

[1] Not to be PC, but because it's the truth, let me assure you that the women in the crowd feel the heat rising as much as any of the young boys, most of whom don't need much of an excuse to get a hard-on; in fact, the normally self-controlled women, with goosebumps on their arms, sweat on their brows, and toes curled, prove the thesis.

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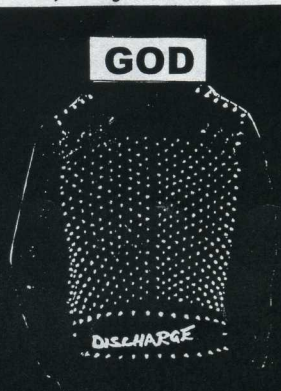
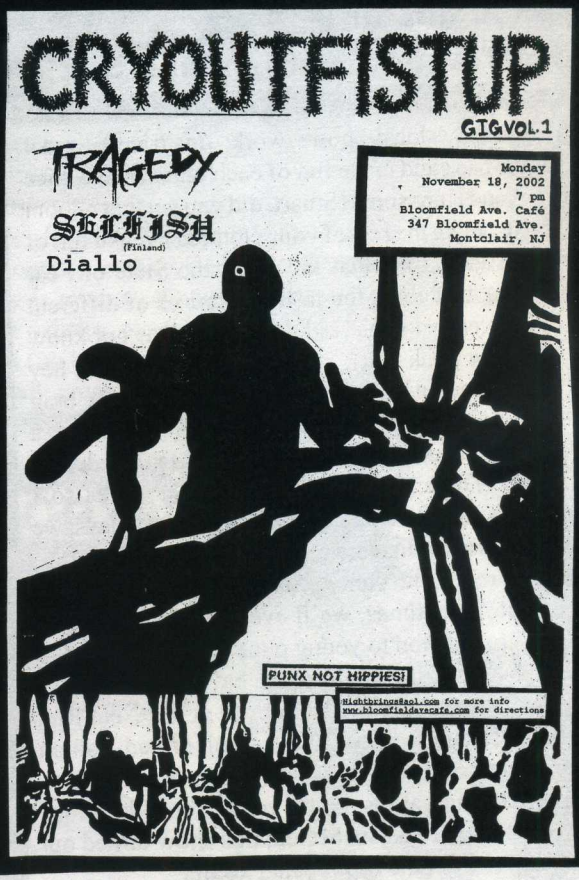
"The Ending Fight" by Tragedy is the best punk song to emerge from these 50 shit states since "Not A Fucking Anthem" by 9 Shocks Terror. Like 9 Shocks' song, it has a dual meaning; it's about both the Leviathan (to use Fredy Perlman's term as Tragedy do) and punk rock as the only sane response to the insanity of Leviathan. Some might wish to take the lyrics more literally, but whether Marx himself, or the ultra-Leftist sloganeers after him, actually meant for bosses to be hung is subject to historical debate. To me, in addition to its literal meaning, the ending of "The Ending Fight" can be interpreted as an explanation of why we pack our sweaty bodies into a dirty room to listen to deafening music week after week after week.

The end of the ruling classes
The end of sleepless nights
The end of taking orders
The end of wasted lives

1. DIY erases, to a degree, the inequal class relations implicit in commodity exchange.
2. After the tension and release of a show such as Tragedy's, how could one not sleep well?
3. Punk rock is about, at its root, a refusal to take orders and to say fuck you to anyone who would give an order, who would tell anyone how to live.
4. And finally, it's difficult to find meaning in life under the present social/economic arrangement of hyper-boring and ultra-mediocre commodities that we're forced to buy, yet a loud guitar and a scream with the timbre of solidarity in this struggle to find meaning seems to erase mediocrity and light our lives.

When, at ABC No Rio, Tragedy played this song, the meaning of which I had spent some time considering in the months since I saw them in Japan, it brought a tear to my eye. Not only does the music itself locate that elusive intersection of angry hardcore and melodic punk rock which I crave, but the lyrics, as I said, are affecting. It was the whole situation, however, that touched me. These dudes playing so intensely and the room full of so many kids responding in kind proved to me that I was at the place any person longs to be: among people who, even if they don't express it the way I do, or even understand it at all, feel just as I feel.



# Ensuing a Riot for No Reason At All

In preparation for Thrashfest '00, my buddy Timmy and I bought a couple pounds of flour and shoplifted as many fireworks as we could carry. Eight bands played at the skatepark before 9 Shocks were supposed to go on. When they finally arrived, several hours late, Kev and Steve were drunk and Tony and Wedge were screaming that they were going to murder each other for getting the band stuck in Chicago traffic. This I took as a good sign.

Within a few minutes, the late '90s political punk era came to an end when, at the end of their set, Aus-Rotten's bassist said, "If you wanna see shit go down, fucking please stick around for Nine Shocks Terror." Not many stuck around, but those who did saw shit go down as it hadn't outside Cleveland since the early '80s.

Aus-Rotten, who were the vanguard band of the era, had finished their set with the same cover song they'd been doing for over five years. Now it was stale, and the kids' enthusiasm seemed contrived. The band's verbose anarcho politics were obviously in contradiction with hardcore's tradition of short, loud, fast, and dumb. Aus-Rotten were strictly DIY, but they never emphasized that aspect of their politics in their lyrics. They've sold over 20,000 copies of their second 7" EP, all through underground, DIY channels, yet they seemed to think that protesting about political prisoners or the tobacco industry was a greater political statement. It wasn't that I didn't like them, especially because I think they're cool people, just that I didn't think they understood the power of their music: it wouldn't free Mumia, but it would unite thousands of kids around the world[1]. 9 Shocks's lyrics have always been essentially, if ironically and metaphorically, about the therapy that anarchic loud music provides in the face of the primary form of suburban oppression: monotony. In contrast, Aus-Rotten's lyrics themselves, full of background info for struggles of the modern issue-oriented anarcho-leftist, were monotonous.

9 Shocks began their set with "Mobile Terror Unit."

> It won't be what we expected
> Extremely unmotivated we're gullible
> white trash swine. This situation is
> starved for life.
> If I clock in, break my wrist!
> Let's make the worst of this!
> These kids need some mobile terror!

Timmy and I threw big fireworks. Actually, mine sort of leaped from my hand as it exploded. I gasped, but I didn't lose any digits. A few kids near us smirked. We threw more and handed some out to the smirkers. Most kids didn't know how to react and just watched. But by the third song, "Backing Out," which I think is their angriest, we were running out of fireworks and the thrashers in the crowd were running around in the counterclockwise controlled chaos of the circlepit. Tony had an orgasmic grin as Steve shrieked the breakdown:

> Brace yourself you fucking asked for this
> you dimwitted prick! This is what you get.
> A brick in the face, it's all planned
> out! It's all planned out. This is what you get.
> No backing out. This is where it starts.

Kev, who'd looked bored at first, was now windmilling with every chord change as Wedge bashed the cymbals so the fist-pumpers in the front wouldn't lose time. When they stopped to tune, Tony screamed, "This is fuckin awesome. This is your fuckin show."

9 Shocks Terror, or 9 Shocks for short, proudly hail from the Cleveland suburbs of Parma and Painesville. Parma is the one where kids get addicted to heroin; Painesville is the one where kids get addicted to bathtub crank. 9 Shocks Terror take their name from the second LP by Japan's Lip Cream, who mixed loud, sped-up Chuck Berry riffs played by the Pete-Townshend-meets-the-Joker-from-Batman guitarist with song titles like "Bigfoot He's Chicken Killer." When people outside Cleveland started to take notice, the members of 9 Shocks were: Flying V axe-murderer Kev the Polish Prince, a generally quiet guy (except when wasted and pants-less) who can play only with a vintage full stack behind him; lacerated throat screamer Lean Steve, a handsome beanstalk with glasses who resembles the lead in a movie about the high school science club president gone wrong; drummer Countyseat Wedge, an extremely large dude with a floppy mohawk, Reebok high-tops, and the finest Japanese hardcore record collection in the US, who has publicly challenged Melissa Etheridge to a cunnilingus contest; and bassist Tony fuckin' Erba, a cable TV installer who exudes

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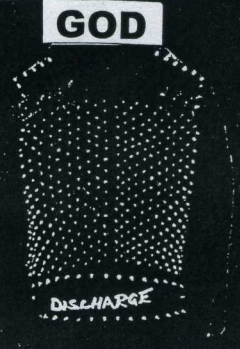
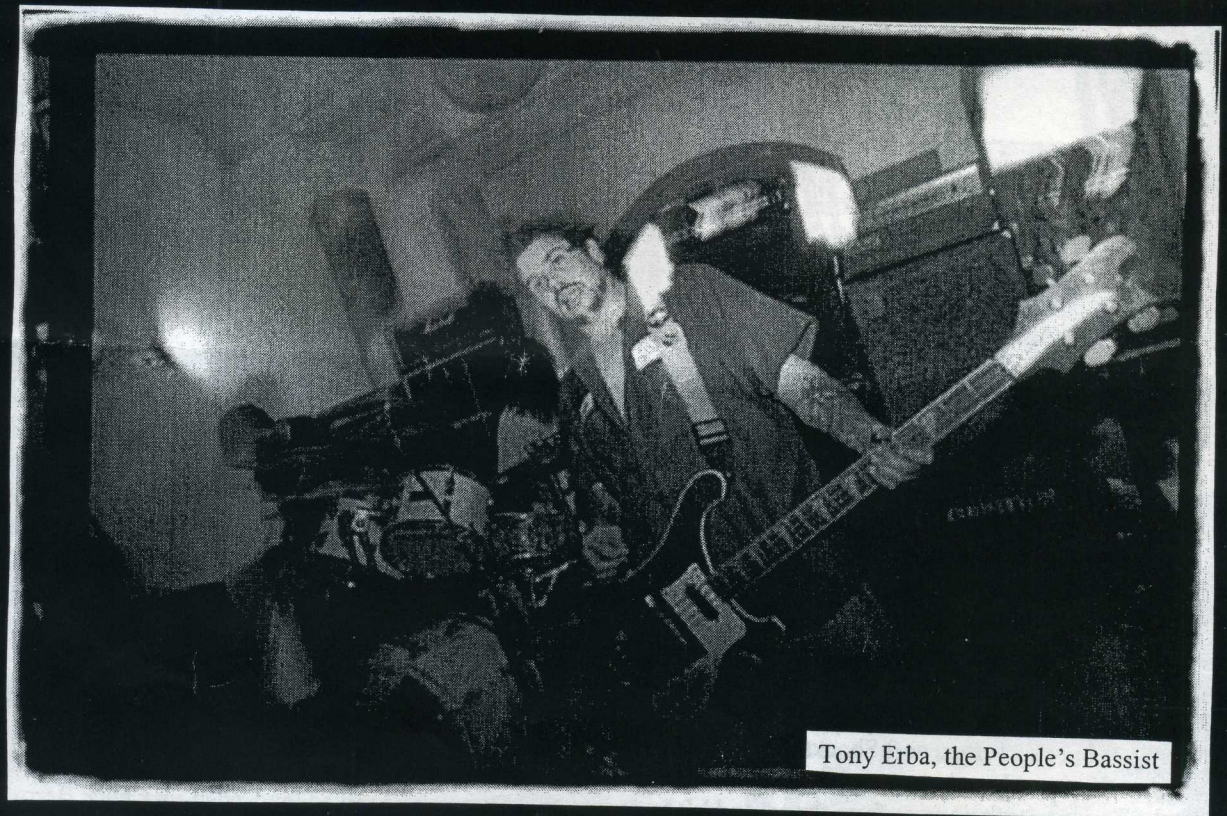
[1] Two members of Aus-Rotten now play in Caustic Christ, a much less overtly political band in a more traditional hardcore, Poison Idea-meets-kang, mold. Their shift is the shift of the overall American hardcore scene at the millennium.



rocknroll, rants about the Illuminati like he's telling an opposing wrestler how he's gonna kick his ass, and who cares about nothing so much as an underground network of freaks, queers, loners, and misfits of all races and genders who come together to play loud, bombastic music without anyone to tell them what to do.

In January 2001, Tony described the band's aims: "We're down for the struggle. We play countless DIY shows in basements. We don't bust people's balls about money . . . We just want to get out, get down, and get with it. And see people moving and blow the roof off the fuckin place, you know? Blowing the balls off a charging rhino at thirty paces, and kids pick up on that. Whatever is not bolted down, it goes flying. And it's all in good fun though. It's not like girls being scared by tough guys doing this. You see girls throwing shit. It's great."

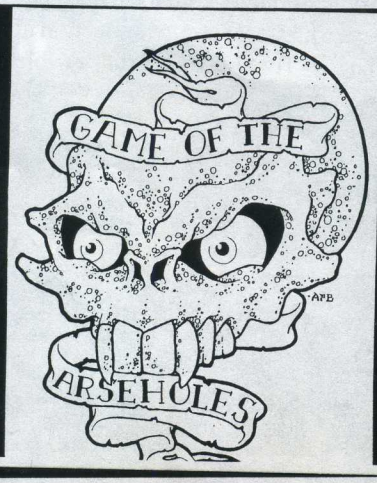
A few shows in the Spring of 2000 set precedents for the following year or two. The most important was the Gordon Solie Motherfuckers' (Tony's side project at the time) show on Easter in Cleveland at Speak in Tongues, when many of us East Coast diehards trekking home from Chicago's first hardcore fest witnessed twenty-five pounds of fireworks set off in one small room[2]. I'd interviewed Tony some time earlier for my fanzine, but as kind and enthusiastic as he was, I couldn't ignore his reputation. When he talked on stage that day about the time a few months before when he'd out-ed a couple undercover vice cops during GSMF's set at Speak in Tongues (who were looking for him after he'd stabbed a neo-Nazi during an H-100s show) and then had to go into hiding, and when he was upset that we weren't staying at his place that night (he said he'd already lined up the shit-eating videos for our arrival), I was a bit scared of him. After the set that day, when Tony was naked, bleeding from the forehead, and covered in wet housepaint someone had dumped on him, I was no less scared of him. I did feel, however, like I understood him a little better.



Tony Erba, the People's Bassist

Photo: Dave Hyde

[2] Setting off fireworks at hardcore shows was a Cleveland tradition before it spread East, then West, after the Easter show. I don't know where the idea originated, but I think Chris Erba had a lot to do with it. I would say it's no coincidence that one can hear fireworks going off in old live recordings of classic Japanese bands like GISM, The Stalin, Aburadako, Kuro, etc., since Cleveland, for a time, had America's highest concentration of Japanese hardcore fanatics.

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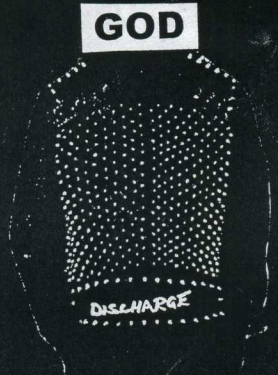


After we'd covered the ragers in our two pounds of flour, we were running out of things to throw. The taboo, if there had been one, against real audience participation broke. Steve clasped a clothes-pin on his nose as dozens of plastic bottles pelted the band. The circle pit degraded into a demolition derby of kids with bad haircuts. Thrash. Tune up. Rant. Steve asked, rapid-fire, "Why is it all plastic? Where's the glass? That's what I thought. End of discussion. Silence." Tony said something about "Twins farm hands" as bottles whizzed past his head. Steve introduced the next song, "Waiting in the Bushes," as "This is about what I'm going to do on the way home tonight." Tony was screaming, "Anyone who's homophobic can turn around and get the fuck out of here," as Steve continued, "I stalk it for a week and a half and I fucking go in the bedroom and fucking grab it and I fucking—" Now, kids scrambled throughout the building, trying to find anything the could throw. Garbage cans and their rotting contents were airborne, as were the bodies of some knuckleheads wrasslin at the front of the stage. When it looked like Tony couldn't smile any broader, someone found a huge stack of 45s in the trash. Tony screamed, "Make it like the Masque in '77. Be a bunch of destructive assholes." So we did and we were. Now, hundreds of records were flying in every direction. A few people caught them with their faces. Others caught those glass bottles Steve had been looking for. Timmy got a huge lump on his forehead but was laughing about how he never saw what hit him. 9 Shocks Terror's anthem, "Not a Fucking Anthem," sent the room into a frenzy.

Ensuing a riot for no reason at all.
Wasting your time fighting a system
You help exist. I'm sick and tired of
Your "system" bullshit! I'm DIY until
No one looks. I'll block yer punches with
My face. These kids are gonna turn this song
Into an anthem!

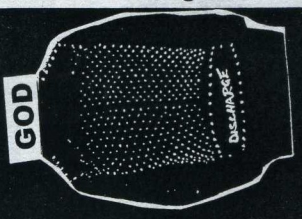
A flying garbage can knocked over two of the cymbal stands; some kid flipped the can over next to the floor tom and mic-ed it so Wedge could beat on it. As we ran and danced and threw trash and choked on smoke, our expressions said, "I can't believe I'm doing this, but I can't stop."

When the song ended, Wedge grabbed the mic and said, "Normally, I wouldn't mind this sort of thing, but you're throwing records. If there's any, like, Asocial records in there, I'm gonna kill every last one of you." We believed him.

Here's a brief, clichéd history lesson: In the years after the hardcore punk explosion of '82, the scene in the US expanded, but it also stratified and weakened. By the end of the '80s, metalheads, right-wingers, poseurs, and wanna-be rockstars made up a large part of the scene. In reaction to this, politics in punk re-emerged in various forms, with different purposes; the two largest aspects of this re-emergence were: the riot grrrl movement and the more diffuse do-it-yourself (DIY) hardcore backlash against the commercialization of the hardcore scene. By the middle of the '90s, DIY hardcore had completely separated itself from the sell-outs with money-making ambitions. There was Born Against and there was Sick of It All; except for an occasional exchange of death threats, the two sides never interacted. Generally,once the DIY bands had constructed an environment where they were no longer exceptional, they began to focus their energy on external political issues much more than before and, as a result, paid less attention to making great music. What was once a ghetto of "anarcho-punk" became one of the largest and most popular strains of DIY hardcore. Except in Cleveland.

Since the early '70s, before the Sex Pistols were a cha-ching in Malcolm McLaren's ear, Cleveland had been producing extreme punk rock. In the words of punk historian Johan Kugelberg, the Electric Eels "Agitated" 45 is the punk record "from which all others are measured. Extremely primitive." It is sonic nihilism from '75. Pere Ubu, the *other* Dead Kennedys, and the Pagans represented different strains of Cleveland punk, but each did as much for Cleveland's fucked-up reputation in the '70s as the river catching on fire did in '69. Throughout the '80s, Cleveland had some formidable hardcore bands, but most were unable to release records because they had no money. A few, like Plague, did appear on vinyl a few years too late for the trend, but then again, Plague were always more famous for having jumped on stage and beaten up Discharge after they went wimp metal. In the '90s, bands like Gag Reflex and Hangnail might have been noticed outside Cleveland had they not spent their recording money on malt liquor. Out of this tradition rose H-100s, perhaps the most nihilistic hardcore band of the '90s, comprised of brothers Tony and Chris Erba on bass and vocals, respectively, plus two other drunks, Wedge and Chard, all four more interested in the obscene videos hidden behind the counter and independent wrestling leagues of the South than in the political trends of '90s hardcore.

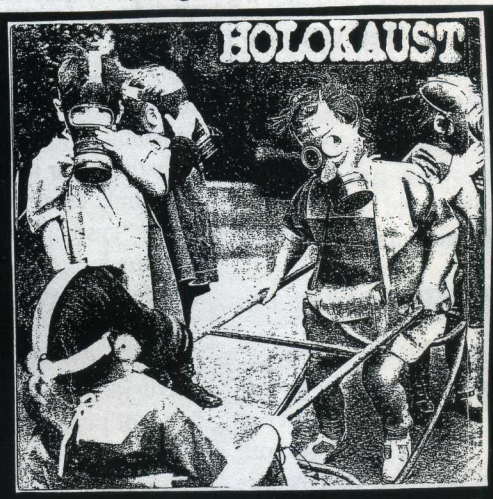
H-100s played thirteen shows. Only one or two finished without the plug pulled, the cops called, or audience members in the hospital. Generally, before shows, singer Chris would have to chug cough syrup to slow his heart after smoking too much dust in the backseat of the van. Despite a few buzzsaw-thrash 45 classics, H-100s set out to "ruin the scene," so the band's ability to rock out disappeared behind clouds of smoke and copious stitches and staples. If 9 Shocks Terror could be said to have a mission, it would be to rock out amidst clouds of smoke without ruining the scene.



The dude who owned the skatepark mounted the stage and said thanks to everyone for coming, please respect the space, don't hit the sound guy with any more projectiles, "Chill. One love. Rocksteady." The crowd actually applauded.

From that night forward, at every 9 Shocks show, the crowd has liberated itself from the mediocrity of the predictable hardcore scene we knew before. 9 Shocks have made us aware that in the hardcore world, unlike anywhere else, we alone can decide how we will have fun. Now, what brings us together, above all, is the music, which causes us to scream, wrassle, skank wildly, whip each other with dildos, rip tracklights from ceilings, light couches on fire, railslide skateboards on the edge of the stage, prove that the note on smokebombs which says "not for indoor use" is a falsehood, and, my favorite, *air guitar*, all with the conviction that there is nothing more important in life than all this.

## A Short Review




Holokaust "s/t" 7" (After the Bomb): ATB is a label of remarkable taste; it first introduced the unsuspecting punk public to Religious War's insanity. With Holokaust, dis-nightmare continues. Holokaust must be one of the finest US punks band since the '80s because they quite innocently seem not to know the '80s ended (though I'd bet money none of them was out of elementary school in the '80s). Everything about this record screams "**PUNK!**" From the pseudo-political lyrics (clichés and misspellings!) such as "Why do we die?" (the eternal punk question), to the dumb name (add a K to any word and it's the name of a punk band), to the silly cover art of kids in gasmasks at play, to the apparently suburban band address . . . I love it. Musically, the record is much like Iconoclast meets the Varukers or perhaps like Legion of Parasites. Unlike most "crust" bands in the US these days, Holokaust have not been corrupted by a variety of influences. If I wanted to create such a band in a laboratory, I'd lock three young kids in a room with records by Conflict, Discharge, and maybe Antisect—nothing else except maybe a bottle of homebrew. There's something pure about this record, and that makes it beautiful. Enough already with bands who want to mix diverse influences. Get a fuckin' clue! It's fine to listen to all sorts of punk rock, as I do, but if I had a band, I wouldn't try to find the right way to mix Anti-Cimex and Freestone (well, maybe I would). The reason bands like Framtid or Amdi Petersens Arme are able to produce such amazing music is that the bands isolate and then study the kind of punk they love. Do you think the local record store in Gotebörg '82 stocked every punk record that came out? Nope. So Skit-Lasse and Jonsson studied Discharge closely in order to create the Shitlickers. They internalized that particular hardcore punk aesthetic. Holokaust have similarly internalized the '80s Southern California peace punk aesthetic. Whether this feat will be repeatable remains uncertain. After all, they're not Japanese.

The following is the text of a letter the Feederz circulated to students on Board of Education letterhead.

Well, school is boring. It's no secret that a lot of you feel that you are wasting your time here. You feel you are spending years commuting to the boredom of school to prepare yourselves for a life of dull, meaningless tasks.

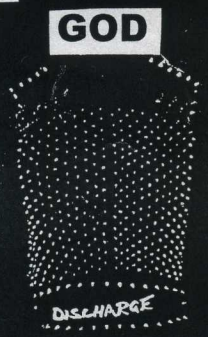
But that's the way life is, and that the way it has always been. You have a responsibility to society, though, and that's what counts. Your teachers and principals, and later your bosses know what's good for you. After all we're in power and you're not. You depend on us for your survival so you really shouldn't mind taking orders.

Remember, your diploma is your "passport to a good job." We are preparing you to take your rightful place in society as productive citizens. As responsible adults. Even if it isn't much fun.

A lot of you are concerned where our society is going. But, remember, we're always one step ahead of you. We're making reforms every day. True, they don't make your lives any less dull and meaningless. But they do make you feel better about authority.

But some of you don't want to play our little game, thinking you are just participating in your own boredom. Some of you even feel you could run your own lives! Now isn't that ridiculous?

So, to make these malcontents envious, and to insure your loyalty, we are offering a CASH REWARD of $20 and a button (shown here) to any student who presents an essay on "Why I like being a student" to the Department of Education. An additional cash prize of $200 will be given to the pupil who best fits our definition of "good student" based on these essays. Our generosity shouldn't surprise you. After all, money is all we can give you.



## A Review

Feederz "Vandalism: As Beautiful as a Rock in a Cop's Face" LP (Broken Rekids): I knew the Feederz were one of my favorite bands before I'd ever heard their music. The ad they placed in Maximum Rocknroll for their first LP, "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" grabbed my attention as few ads ever have, even though I first saw it well over a decade after it came out. In bold lettering at the top, the ad says "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" and it has a picture of a guy in an office chair with a target over his head. The ad quotes a judge who, in 1966, keenly described the revolutionary program of a group of students from Strasbourg who worked with the Situationist International: "Rejecting all morality and legal restraint, these cynics do not hesitate to commend theft, the destruction of scholarship, the abolition of work, total subversion and an irreversible worldwise proletarian revolution with 'unrestrained pleasure' as its only goal." As I look back, I realize the Feederz are the band that caused me to lose interest in anarcho-punk because they made politics in punk rock exciting and also fundamentally *punk*, something that anarcho-punk never achieved. Ironically enough, it was anarcho-punk, at its least anarchic, in '87 or so, which put the Feederz on a long hiatus after Frank Discussion, the singer/guitarist, brought a dead cat and dog to a gig at Gilman.

Politically, the Feederz come from a background of Situationist thought, as filtered through American pro-situ groups (i.e., inspired by the Situationist International) like Berkeley's Point-Blank!. It would be inaccurate to characterize the Feederz as Situationist because the term refers to a specific organization with a strict membership—perhaps one reason Crimethinc never uses the word "Situationist." In the early 1980s, American pro-situ Bill Brown, a friend of mine, wrote an introduction to the Situationist Internationl for MRR in an attempt to set the record straight on this often-maligned revolutionary group. Around the same time, he got into several arguments via the letters section with Frank Discussion. One of the arguments was about whether the Feederz's lyrics, especially ones like, "Stick a broken coke bottle up your cunt," contradicted their Situationist ideas. Quite correctly, I think, Discussion replied that they were not Situationists so the point was irrelevant. Furthermore, the Situationists were provocateurs in all realms, and they would certainly not have had any concern for political correctness had it existed during their time. I bring up this rather minor argument, which would otherwise have been consigned to the dustbin of history, because it remains, in some ways, pertinent today.

Political correctness in the underground suffocated itself—and we should be thankful—although it still flares up occasionally. A well-intentioned attempt to institute respect proved, if anything, that respect cannot be enforced. The results were censorship and witch-trials. Today in the mainstream political arena, political correctness remains a great diversion which allows, for instance, a senator to be vilified for praising outdated racist policies in a bit of rhetorical effusiveness while his own racist voting record, not to mention his party's pandering to racists, remained unchallenged. The Feederz have always attempted to shock listeners, and because their shockingness was calculated instead of reactionary I think their lyrics have not grown stale in any way over the years. This feeling of freshness is a boon to them since this new album recycles songs and slogans from the '80s, some of which were themselves re-treads from the late '60s.

André Breton once said that the ultimate Surrealist act would be to fire a gun randomly into a crowd; at the first Feederz gig, in the late '70s, Discussion fired a gun loaded with blanks into the crowd. There have been rumors that Sakevi did the same thing at a GISM gig. The Feederz were essentially run out of Phoenix for some of their provocations, including communiques which caused them to be labelled "terrorists" and the infamous open letter to students. This mix of Situationist-style attacks with good, old-fashioned American libertarianism clearly set the Feederz apart from hardcore punk bands of the era who were content to let their provocations begin and end with a haircut. In the late '70s, when memories of the Weathermen and European terrorist groups like the Red Army Faction were quite fresh, there was nothing worse one could be labelled than "terrorist." One Feederz logo included the word "terrorist"; they reclaimed the word as something positive, something they were happy to be called, as punks had themselves done with the word "punk" or gays/lesbians with "queer." Parallels to today's political situation are obvious. (So who's going to start the band The Terrorists? I'll put out your record.) Finally, one of Discussion's finest punk provocations was his "theft" of Jello Biafra's wife. That still cracks me up.

Unlike their past successes, I think the Feederz would fail if Frank Discussion wore a dead cat or dog around his neck at a gig today not because it would transgress the limits of the crowd's political correctness and love for animals (which it surely would), but because it would be a rehash of a hugely important event that defined one of the shifts away from its origins that punk rock had taken by the late '80s. In an attempt to, as Discussion says in an interview in "Engine" fanzine, "clean up the trash" at that gig, punk rockers actually cleaned themselves up so much that they became the trash themselves: irrelevant, stale, predictable, mindless—like a McDonald's burger wrapper. If anything, the new Feederz album is about calculating tactics and having a strategy, so that punks remain one step ahead of their enemies (cops, the record industry, etc.).

## Feederz Review Cont.

Many punks probably did a quick internal question and answer session when this Feederz album was announced: *Are they dinosaurs back together to cash in? Are they still relevant? Do I want to support a band that was once so amazing and then disappeared for a long time?* One of the peculiarities of punk rock nowadays is that reformed old bands can actually cash in by not selling out: thus Discharge, in order to sell records, had to put out a new album that sounded similar to the music they'd been playing right before they went metal. Whereas going metal once meant money, staying hardcore now means money. In a similar way, in order for the Feederz to maintain relevance in today's world, they had to stick with what they were doing in the early '80s. In order to cash in, as it were, they have to repeat their instructions about home-taping and stealing records. Ironic indeed. The end result, of course, is that the Feederz, as far as I can tell, are far from cashing in.

The CD version of this record includes all the songs in the MP3 format as well as in regular audio CD format. An entire song, "Burning MP3s," explains the danger home-burning poses to the record industry. Of course, like the hysteria of the early '80s the Feederz responded to by encouraging home-taping, the danger posed to the music industry is greatly exaggerated. I would like to believe that MP3s could put the music industry out of business, but I think this is a fantasy. Regardless, the Feederz are in a strange bind because this song is ostensibly aimed at the average mainstream music fan who can feel empowered by doing it herself, yet it's unclear to me how much appeal the Feederz have outside punk rock (perhaps because to me the music world outside punk rock is rather opaque). If the song is aimed at punks, it's not very effective because I don't know many punks who give a shit about the RIAA's health or lack thereof. We're already on a different plane and we already know the joys of home-taping. At the same time, the album's title comes from a Feederz sticker which Kurt Cobain once had on his guitar; the Feederz's website notes this point. To complicate this issue, "Vandalism" is distributed by Mordam. Not to make too big a deal of it, but I wonder if the Feederz are conscious that Mordam bridges the gap between the underground and the mainstream, to the chagrin of the underground. So for some, the question becomes the usual anarcho-leftist question of conscience on who it's acceptable to steal from. The Feederz see a bigger picture, as did the Situationists, wherein stealing is intended to be a total refusal of commodity relations. The problem, as I see it, with stealing from the RIAA is that doing so consecrates and validates the tedium that is produced under the its auspices. Similarly, the Feederz still sing about sodomizing Christ. Their lyrics are funny enough, but, as Situationist Raoul Vaneigem said, pissing on the altar is just another form of worship. In the end, what we need is kid not to steal the songs of this week's crappy pop band, but to take control of their lives, make their own music, and refuse the banality of the market. I don't think the Feederz would disagree, but I don't get this message from the record even though I think it is the hidden overall message behind the Feederz. It is a terrorism we should all support.

One message I do get, quite clearly: "I want to go wild / I want to go steal / I want to destroy / destroy all night long / So when the music starts / Don't stand there like a fool / And Break it All." Sounds to me like the thoughts running through my head when Tony Erba's on stage. The Feederz are one of the great punk bands because like, for instance, Crass, GISM, The Stalin, or indeed, 9 Shocks Terror, they have intelligently challenged the limits of punk from within, from a pro-punk standpoint.

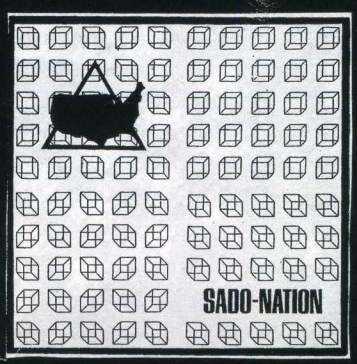
Musically, the record is not that much of a departure from the classic "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss?" LP, but it unfortunately has some filler whereas that LP didn't. The skits are entertaining, but they might better as web downloads. Tracks like "Mothra" and the instrumental at the end of the b-side are wasted vinyl in my opinion. Two tracks which appeared on their rare first 7" have resurfaced on "Vandalism" with improved sound. "Fuck You," the song with the "broken coke bottle in your cunt" line from the first LP has returned with new lyrics. That lyric, however, remains, like a line in the sand that just won't go away. As a response to the politically correct leftists who align themselves with cops at protests, the Feederz won't go away. And to the anarchists, the punks who still care about punk itself meaning something, and the malcontent criminals, who'd rather kill a cop and steal his car than go to work, the Feederz won't go away either. We should all be thankful that in this era of fluff, fence-sitting, and mediocrity, *somebody* stands for *something*.

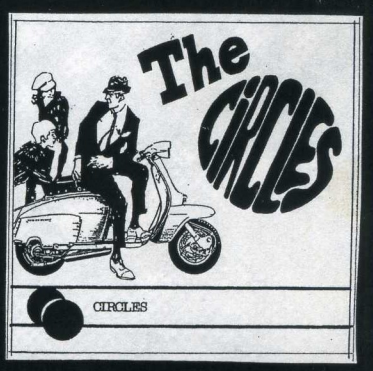
YES, STUDENTS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW THAT IT'S NO LONGER NESSARY TO TAKE YOUR ROLE SERIOUSLY?
HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOMETHING BEFTER TO DO THAN JERK-OFF FOR YOUR PROFESSORS?
BUT I HAVE TO WRITE THIS PAPER BY TOMMORROW OR I'LL NEVER PASS THE COURSE!
FUCK YOUR PAPER! LET'S GO DISRUPT CLASSES-WE CAN DESTROY THE UNIVERSITY IN NO TIME!
SHE'S RIGHT!
OK, LET'S GO!

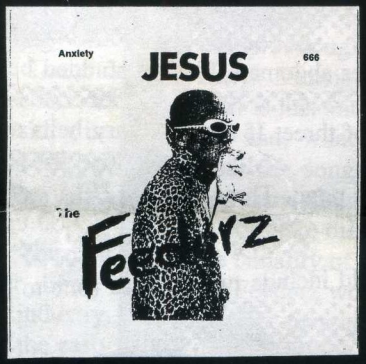
Comic from the original p/s of Feederz EP

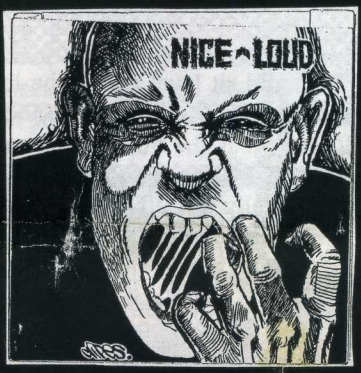
The proper way to wear a punk belt begins with the axiom that a punk belt never stands alone. There is no such thing as one punk belt. Two or three are mandatory. One studded belt should be worn through the belt loops to maintain the tight crotch on pants if not just to keep them from falling off. If you have a notable belt buckle such as a skull, it should be attached to the belt worn through the belt loops.

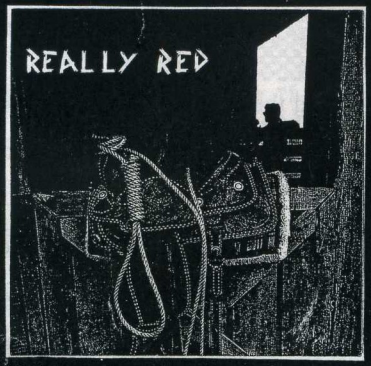
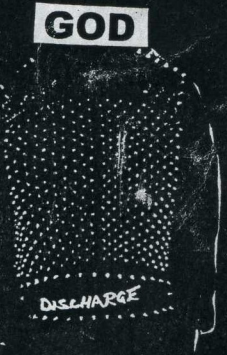
The second belt, bullet or studded, should be worn with the buckle to the rear or side (never to the front). If it's a bullet belt, it should sit level across the lower abdomen. If it's a studded belt, an angle is better than level. The angle becomes *essential* when it is the third or second of three. If two auxiliary belts are worn, they should be intertwined so that neither can accidentally fall off during a good pogo. Three studded belts are generally unnecessary, but would be acceptable if one is a single-row belt. The optimal set would include two studded (one to hold up pants) and one bullet belt. However, in this case, there is no need to intertwine them and the studded belt should rest on top (in two planes) of the the bullet belt. Alternately, a studded and a bondage belt can be combined. A bondage belt can be combined with a bullet belt, but it's not recommended except under certain circumstances that will be apparent to the wearer when encountered. Finally, the addition of a chaos pouch does not exempt the wearer from the requirement to wear at least two studded belts: one to hold up the pants plus the pouch alone will not suffice. Always wear the pouch with a bullet belt or auxiliary studded belt. And for Cal's sake, do not wear suspenders (aka braces) *up* while wearing a belt of any sort.



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